THE

POET's RECANTATION,

Humbly Inſcribed to the Right Honourable

Sir EDWARD MONTAGUE,

Knight of the *BATH*;

By his moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

John Carteret Pilkington.

Not Boy ta'en in from cleaning Shoes,
The Spawn of Bridewell, *and the Stews,*
Not Beggar's Brat, on Bulk begot,
Or Baſtard of a Pedlar Scot,
Is more diſqualified by Fate,
To riſe in Church, in Law, or State,
Than he, whom Phæbus *in his Ire,*
Has blaſted with Poetic Fire.

SWIFT.

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(36)

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TAKE Notice hence, ye tuneful Nine,
I'll never write another Line,
Reſigning my once dear Ambition,
I fairly throw up my Commiſſion;
Since all your Votaries muſt ſtarve,
On other Terms I chuſe to ſerve,
Nor will I forward from this Day,
Your Vigils keep, or Laws obey;
Some other Science muſt purſue,
And humbly take my Leave of you.

Hail Goddeſs! ever dear to me,
Celeſtial, Blooming Liberty,
No longer ſhall I Curſe my Fate,
Condem'd to Write, when I ſhou'd Eat;

Free

Free from that venom'd Tube a Pen,
I'll Sleep, and Drink like other Men.

Erſt, when in Pamphlet Shops I've ſeen,
A ſpan new Poem, neat and clean,
The Author's Name, exactly fixt
Two decent, long black Strokes betwixt,
I've cry'd, with an extatic Glee,
How Happy muſt that Poet be?
When cou'd indeed my Fancy trace,
With curious Search his hiding Place,
I'd find him hov'ring o'er a Fire,
Where mounting Steps aſcend no higher,
Conſulting wiſe, important * *Derrick*,
On whom to write a Panegyric.

Oft have I ſought the Reaſon why,
Poetic People live ſo high;
Some grave Philoſophers maintain,
Terraqueous Vapours hurt the Brain;
Great Neptune's Realms afford not Station,
For Solitude, or Contemplation,
And to ſubſiſt on Fire no Creature,
But Salamanders do, in Nature;
Therefore kind Heav'n, has furniſh'd Air,
For Poets to inhabit there,
Whence tow'ring Fabricks they may riſe,
Uninterrupted to the Skies.

By

* A little Gentleman, who has honoured the learned World with a moſt profound Criticiſm on *Venice Preſerved*.

By other Caſuiſts 'tis ſaid,
Noiſe drives Ideas from the Head.
And Garrets, Authors juſtly love 'em,
Becauſe no Soul ſhou'd be above them.

Oh *Marlbro'* did a *Soul like thine*,
In ev'ry noble Boſom ſhine,
Were ev'ry Peer in *Britain* grac'd,
With like Munificence and Taſte,
Enraptur'd might her Offspring view,
Another *Golden Age* renew,
Dejected Merit, wou'd be ſought,
And Genius cheriſh'd as it ought.

Or cou'd *Northumberland impart*,
The genuine Virtues, of his Heart,
They might amend *perverſe* Mankind,
Yet leave ſufficient Stock behind.

Did *Noblemen* to Science ſpare,
What Sycophants and Panders ſhare,
What Sharpers in Embroidry gain,
Or for Diſorders Quacks obtain,
Perpetual Honour they might claim,
And healthful Iſſue to their Name.

Behold *Ierne* with a Smile,
The Pride and Glory of thy Iſle,

In * *Montague*, we find Amends,
For all the worthleſs Traſh ſhe ſends,
In him, a *Bright Example* ſee,
Of Conjugal Fidelity,
Politeneſs, *Candour*, and *Addreſs*,
Good Humour, *Freedom of Acceſs*,
Diſtinguiſh'd Taſte, and *Judgment clear*,
With all that can the Good endear.

Oh cou'd I in Seraphic Lay,
The Worth of † *Manchester* diſplay;
Before your Eyes, ye Fair, I'd ſet,
A Picture ſcarcely equal'd yet,
Which all *Perfections join to grace*,
And *not* a *ſingle Fault deface*,
Here *ſmiling Hope*, *let's* Britain *ſee*,
A Proſpect of Futurity,
With ſacred Promiſe to reſtore,
A darling *Montaque* once more.

Wou'd all the Splendid, Rich, and Great,
Theſe Brilliant Patterns imitate,
Each Bard with Tranſport and Delight,
Shou'd their unfeign'd Endowments write:
No longer need the Name exiſt,
Of keen reproachful Satyriſt,

Re-

* Sir *Edward Montague*, Knight of the *Bath*.

† The Dutcheſs of *Manchester*, married to Sir *Edward Montague*.

Reluctantly the Crimes to paint,
The preſent Race that deeply taint.

A great Man's Porter I inſiſt,
Is always a Phiſiognomiſt;
Since by the Face he can declare,
What Motive brings each Mortal there;
No Man alive can tell you better,
The real Purport of a Letter;
And I from ſad Experience know,
'Tis by this gen'ral Rule they go.

In *England*, *Italy*, or *Greece*,
Few Poets Cloaths are of a Piece,
Tho' pitying Heav'n had kindly ſent,
A Coat, and Hat, for their Content,
Tho' with a Countenance ſerene,
They view'd their Shirt, and Cravat clean,
Yet he'd perceive as they were wa'king,
A g ping Chaſm, in their Stocking;
Or, if by Chance, the Stocking's whole,
Beſure the Shoe's without a Sole;
From whence, he cautious and diſcreet,
With niceſt Eye ſurveys the Feet,
Where if theſe Symptoms he perceives,
In doleful Plight the Bard he leaves,
With inward Anguiſh to complain,
And to the Winds diſcourſe his Pain.

Since

Since this it is, to be a Poet,
Truly deſcrib'd becauſe I know it.
For future Eaſe of all Vexation,
A Pray'r ſhall End my Recantation.

In early Youth, they thought it good,
To bid me pray for daily Food,
So I, from Day to Day was fed,
And juſt receiv'd diurnal Bread;
Kind Heav'n, this laſt Petition hear,
And grant me Bread, for all the Year.

F I N I S.